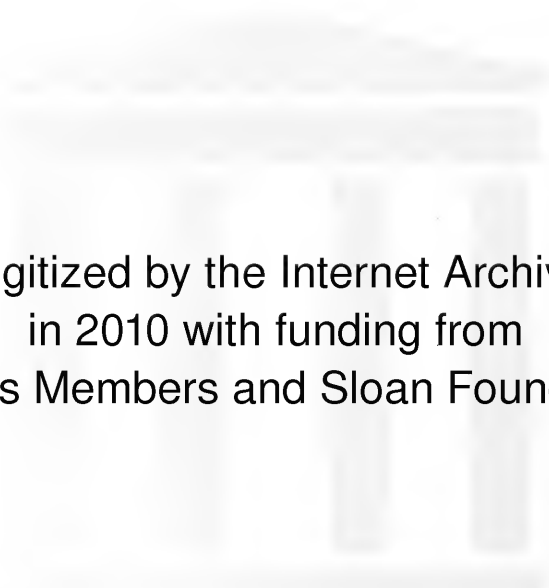


GYRE

Dorothy Lancaster Library
Longwood College
Farmville, Virginia

WINTER 1968
LONGWOOD COLLEGE
FARMVILLE, VIRGINIA



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2010 with funding from
Lyrasis Members and Sloan Foundation

<http://www.archive.org/details/gyre19676832long>

GYRE

A pleasant and happy life
Does not come from external things;
Man draws from within himself,
As from a spring, pleasure and joy.

Plutarch

LONGWOOD COLLEGE
VOLUME 3, NUMBER 2
1967-1968



STAFF

Editor-in-Chief

Feature Editor

Poetry Editor
staff

Essay Editor
staff

Short Story Editor
staff

Art Editor
staff

Literary Board

Phyllis Myers

Brenda Holly

Becky Powers

Sharon Dietz, Tulita Owen

Karla Myers

Martha Dofflemyer

Suzanne Jones

Vivian Gale, Joan Harrup

Emily Gillespie

Janie Ragland

Donna Blankenbecker, Martha Hall,

Diane Henkel, Linda Matthews,

Stephanie Posivach, Barbara Powers,

Pat Ragan, Wanda Rush,

Mary Anne Thompson, Cynthia Wolfe

Business Manager

Circulation Manager
staff

Typist

Publicity

Advisors

Literary

Business

Art

Martha Gay

Regina Pawlak

Carol Brotherton, Kathy Fones,

Betty Fulp, Mary Lee McKeever,

Betsy Morgan, Diane Ritchie,

Susan Strum, Pam Wayne,

Janet Sullivan

Page Gehrken

Mary Alice Carmody

Dr. Herbert Blackwell

Mrs. Ruth Taliaferro

Mr. Paul Rouillard

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Matthew, poem	Stephanie Posivach	3
Crumblebutton and the Smalt Tyke, poem	Sharon Collins	3
Untitled, poem	Martha Hall	4
Untitled, pencil sketch	Frances Bain	4
An Interview with President Willett	Brenda Holly	5
Sunday at 2:06, poem	Henry Willett	9
The Unnoticed Walk, pen and ink	Susan Davenport	10
Two Characters for a Novel, poem	Frances Simpers	11
Ebbtide, poem	Linda Long	11
A Review of Marat/Sade	Vivian Gale	12
Mushroom Garden, woodcut	Cheryl Predgo	13
Untitled, poem	Karla Myers	14
The Soldier, short story	Karen Maher	14
Index 7, serigraph	Leslie Sedgewick	18
Neebell Satapied, poem	Sharon Collins	19
Untitled, poem	Linda Powers	19
Bic, cut	Emily Gillespie	20
Hey, Student Teach, essay	Baxter Allison, Jo Ann Pearson	20
Untitled, poem	Becky Powers	21
Untitled, monoprint	Janie Ragland	22
412, poem	Sharon Collins	22
The Diary of Kiyoshi Masakazu, short story	Carol Skelley	23
When First the Snow Falls, poem	Sharon Collins	25
Library, monoprint	Frances Bain	26
Unchanging Times, short story	Wanda Rush	27
Untitled, graphics print	Carol Bradley	30
Memory, poem	Linda Long	30

Printed by The Dietz Press, Inc.
 109 East Cary Street
 Richmond, Virginia 23219

MATTHEW

Sitting silent, Matthew mused on his money,
Matthew-money-maker moaning to himself.
Tinkling gold and shining silver
flickered in the growing dusk,
Matthew's only sense was his senseless lust.
Lust for lira, love for life,
Living deep in the daily strife,
Matthew knew no peace.
Then a man of silken tones spoke aloud,
and seeing Matthew that morn—
beckoned.
A peace descended on Matthew's soul,
A peace so peaceful and purely tranquil—
Matthew left his gold.

Stephanie Posivach

CRUMBLEBUTTON AND THE SMALT TYKE

Twice upon a quarter
Their beest and were crumblebutton.
He were a crumbly cripsily crumblebutton.
It were what it worst and that.
"Cripsily and cronkly I am,"
Says crumblebutton,
The he wisplied to me,
Wipsily, wipsily, cost he knoded natsy how to spill.
Once daylight he trackled trickly by the woodbly.
Supply he flecked the flickling of been holden.
He were having to been helklin by grimslly paws,
And were tipsed tosped unto the fogly are.
Tickly, gruddily he fellded onto the grubs of some tarsen.
He triged in veil to yellor outly.
But it worst for no bodily to be eared with.
Tinkly with silven tongs he felt to the growgan.
Soft-like, stickly he feeled like open to pattlies.
"It were a hold crumblebutton I fond,"
Say the smalt tyke, full of hap and gladfly,
"May me keepsake it, mummy?"
So lastly upon larst the crumblebutton
Recibered a goo washling
And were pulsed untie a bunk
For kapeseeeking and fon the even
Was lucked open by littly tyker.
Who were so glad bulged by deeply lash and lid
That he everfor did took the well carnd of the crumblebutton.

Sharon Collins

You call yourself
A seeker after
Truth
Yet you seek
Truth
In places where
There is none.
You search within
Yourself
And, not finding an
Answer
You do not even
Pause
But hurry on
Chasing after strange
Glimpses
Which, like spectres,
Drift across your
Soul
Which, like spectres,
Have no substance.
Poor creature!
It is not that
You don't know
How to find—
It is that
You don't know
How to seek.

Martha Hall



"AN INTERVIEW WITH PRESIDENT WILLETT"

Brenda Holly

Soon after his arrival, President Willett answered several interesting questions which the GYRE staff felt would interest the students at Longwood, and would give them an introduction to their new administrator. Ready for the interview, two members of the GYRE staff walked into President Willett's office and, immediately, he looked up from reading the latest edition of the ROTUNDA, thus showing his interest in the literary aspects of Longwood College. The following questions are taken from the conversation:

"Have you ever written any poetry or short stories yourself, either recently or in the past?"

"I did write a poem and it was printed in the Richmond News Leader about three years ago. I have my share of idiosyncracies and I'm a nut when it comes to pro football. I wrote a poem that the Sports Editor of the Richmond News Leader actually published. It dealt with professional football. The Baltimore Colts are my favorite team, and this was the subject matter of that particular poem."

"What is your opinion of a literary magazine in general?"

"I had some experience with a literary magazine in college, however, I was on the business end rather than the literary side of it. I was responsible for trying to find advertisements, selling subscriptions, and so forth. I think it gives you an outlet for creative activity, and, as such, I believe it plays a valuable role on any campus."

"Did you by chance ever work on any publication in high school, college, or graduate school? If so, what was the name of the publication?"

"Well, I was (I have to admit that most of my endeavors in this direction were in the business end) the Business Manager of the high school magazine at Thomas Jefferson in Richmond. It was the **DECLARATION**. Then, at Washington and Lee, I worked with the **SHENANDOAH**, the literary magazine. In fact, a fraternity brother of mine actually founded the magazine, and I was the Business Manager. Also, I did do a little sportswriting with the campus newspaper."

"What are your interests and hobbies and also, your wife's interests and hobbies?"

"I have answered this question at other times, so I have a ready-made answer for it. For the last three years, my hobby was writing the dissertation, and getting my doctorate. Now, with this out of the way, I hope to return to some others. Frankly, I'm looking forward to playing some

golf. I haven't played golf in a long time. The Board of Visitors has approved the renovation of the Longwood house for us to move out there. In probably a year's time when it's renovated, we'll have the golf course across the road so I know I'm going to have some interest in this. My wife and I both like to play tennis. She's a very good tennis player. I have to be in good shape to be able to beat her. We also like to travel. We've had the opportunity to do so a great deal. This past summer, the older two boys went with us up to New England and we stayed with some friends about a week on Cape Cod. Having a station wagon, you can fix things up so the children can travel fairly well. My wife and I went to Europe on our honeymoon. We usually try to have one good trip every summer. So travel is one of our big hobbies. We also like to read a lot, again, when we find the time to do it. In Chesapeake, when we were there, Mary was always interested in gardening, and I say rather begrudgingly that there were occasions when she got me out in the yard to help her a little bit with it. However, I don't think this would be my first choice of activities. These are certainly some of the interests, and it's hard to draw a line sometimes as to what constitutes a hobby. I guess you'd say in a way that some of the activities of the children become almost that, in terms of doing things with them, and we do try to read to the children a great deal. I believe that this is very important and they enjoy it, so we do try to do this."

"What is your opinion of women going into Journalism?"

"I have to answer this very carefully because I have a first cousin who graduates from the University of Georgia this year, who's also interested in journalism, and maybe I've been influenced by her thinking, but I am certainly all in favor of it. I think that those women who are talented in this field have as much to offer as any man does and I think this is fine. I believe that there's no question in the area of journalism that you've got to have some talent. I think that talent can be cultivated, but I also believe that there's a certain amount of native talent that you've got to have here and for those that have it, I wish them well. I feel they make a real contribution."

"Do you think that Longwood, being a state teachers' college, should curtail its education strictly for teachers? As you know, about 15 percent of the girls here do not plan to teach, and since the college is so oriented to this program, do you think it should be strictly for prospective teachers alone?"

"No, I don't think so. In the first place, I would say that anyone who is going to teach ought to have a good liberal arts background, and I also think anyone—period—ought to have the same good liberal arts background. Obviously, there are going to be people who go through a teachers' training program, and after they get into teaching, they're going to find that they don't want to stay in it for various reasons. I don't mean this as criticism of the individuals, be-

cause I don't think any of us ever really know whether we like a thing or not until we get into it. But by having a teachers' training program with a pretty good emphasis on a liberal arts background, I believe the result will be a well educated person, whether they stay in teaching or not. I certainly would favor no curtailment of this. I think one of our problems (I've had to spend some time on this since coming here) is the role of the graduate program at the college and this is something that the Board of Visitors, the staff, and I are going to have to study. But as far as your question is concerned, I believe that there certainly is room for people who are not planning to go into teaching at Longwood. I think that obviously the legislature established this institution primarily for teacher training, but I feel that our definite objective here is a good liberal arts background for everyone."

"What do you think are the advantages and disadvantages of a small college as compared to a large university and which way would you like to see Longwood go?"

"Having been to, as an undergraduate, a small school, Washington and Lee, which is half the size that Longwood is now, I found a lot of advantages in the small school or comparatively small school for undergraduate work. I think that you get to know the student body so much better. Also, I feel that generally you can say that the situation is somewhat less formal than in the large institution. In terms of the relationship of the faculty and students, I believe you receive more personalized attention, and it doesn't become just a

sink or swim situation. You can have this in some of these large universities where you sit in the lecture room and listen to the lecture over a microphone and the professor is over in another building. This can get to be pretty impersonal. I'm not saying that there aren't times, that for a particular activity, this isn't a pretty good idea, but as a day-in, day-out steady diet of this where you never have a chance to have give-and-take, and bring forth what I would term active learning, I think could be bad. I also feel, being realistic, the average freshman doesn't possess the maturity of a junior and senior. There are problems of adjustment. For many students, this is the first time they've ever been away from home, and I don't believe there's any question that you can adjust better in the comparatively smaller situation than you can in the larger one. Now one of the problems we discussed with the Board of Visitors was the ultimate size that we feel Longwood ought to reach. I don't know the answer to that. I believe that I'm going to have to do a lot of studying on this particular topic, and our board is going to have to do a lot of thinking. Some estimates say that we ought to eventually go to about 2,200 or 2,400 students, and we've asked approval of dormitories that would take us to that capacity. Some other estimates say we ought to go on to the size of 4,000. I don't think I can say today which of the two it ought to be. I believe that we've got to go to 2,400. I feel we're committed to that, but I don't think that a capacity of 2,400 takes it out of the category of a comparatively small school. I think most of the advantages of a small

school can be realized there. I also feel that you can get to be too small to the point that you cannot offer the courses, have the facilities, and attract the faculty that perhaps you'd like. I don't suppose anyone can say there's an absolute, optimum size you ought to have, but I believe you should weigh a lot of factors and give a lot of thought to this. It's going to be real interesting, I'm sure, to see what we will do in time, and I don't think that we can make this decision alone. I believe that we pretty well are going to have to reflect the thinking of the people of Virginia, and their elected representatives in the legislature. As the legislature and the people try to determine what portion of the population should go to college, then perhaps we'll have to grow along with the other state institutions. I know that the rector of our board made this statement the other day, and I believe it's a pretty important thought. He said as far as he was concerned our first priority ought to be quality rather than quantity. This pretty well sums my thinking on this subject."

"What do you consider as the urgent and important needs of Longwood right now?"

To this question, Dr. Willett named a few needs that he felt would improve Longwood if they were fulfilled. First, a laboratory school used "for observation and brief one day visits prior to student teaching." Secondly, he mentioned that the Library has several needs, and then he expressed the need for more dormitory space, with Ruffner eventually being converted into classrooms and administrative offices.

Also, he mentioned a few other needs, but he terminated his statement with these interesting remarks:

"I realize that a lot of the things I've said aren't those that probably are of the greatest concern to the students. I think a lot of the students are more concerned with whether or not they can have automobiles on campus, and whether or not we'll continue to have Saturday classes and a few things of that type, and I don't think I'm totally unmindful in these areas. The ROTUNDA has raised the question of some of the social rules that need re-examination. I would simply say that on all three of these problems, I'm willing to sit down anytime, anyplace, to study and discuss them. I believe anyone coming into a new position has lists of things he feels he wants to take a look at, and I certainly couldn't answer any of these three question areas today, but I will say this: We will take a look at the problem of cars, we will certainly take a look at the question of Saturday classes, we will certainly take a look at the existing social regulations pertaining to drinking. I don't want to take the credit that I'm going to do it because these have all come to me from staff and faculty. These are all areas that they want to take a look at too. They've also come from students. So, I think that we all need to sit down and take a long look at them, and I make the promise that we will study them."

"In your opinion, what makes a good teacher?"

"I think that really the most important thing or important things have to do with attitudes and personality. I don't mean to belittle technical training because I think that a per-

son can become a better teacher by having the professional work, but I believe that the attitudes, the personality traits as a human being are awfully important. The person with the best command of subject matter in the world isn't going to be a good teacher if he doesn't know how to get it across to the students. At the same time, a person who may have the best personality in the world, but doesn't have anything to get across, is going to have trouble, too. So I think you have to come back to the question of the proper combination. The qualities that make a good teacher, I believe are essentially the qualities that make a good and successful person: respect for your fellow man, understanding, patience and humanness.

Finally, the interviewer asked President Willett about his opinion of Longwood graduates as teachers in general, and he promptly replied that he has found them to be "Top-flight!"

SUNDAY AT 2:06

Henry Willett

On Sunday at 2:06

A whistle sounds a note

Fifty seven thousand rise and call

"Gimme a C-O-L-T, COLT."

This madness repeats itself

In cities across the land

But nowhere more than Baltimore

Den of the Unitas band.

The "burglar" they sometimes call him

Football larceny is his game

His victims?—Why his opponents

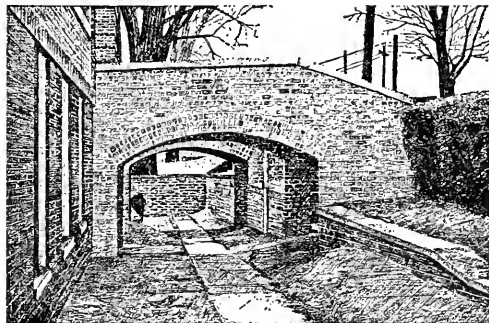
Bears and Packers be their name.

The Colts receive the kickoff

Drive hard on the stadium floor

And thousands cry aloud a cheer
"Open the door for Lenny Moore."
"O Johnny take them in for six"
The sounds above the horseshoe soar
A buttonhook out to the left
Raymond Berry has for the score.
Now the opponents have the ball
And up the field move fast
Until Marchetti slams the door
And shouts "they shall not pass."
The battle wages heavy
Skill and ability show
For there's no game quite the equal
Of football as played by the pro.
Its halftime now in Coltland
And on the gridiron's sod
The Colt band is performing
Where weary warriors trod.
Back to action football fans
And both teams scores do mount
Til with less than two to go
There's a twenty-twenty count.
Again the enemy surges forth
The winning score to log
But suddenly they lose the ball
Jarred free by a Shinnick "red dog."
Unitas looks upon the clock
Sixty seconds left to play

The Colt faithful falter not
This happens every day.
A sideline pass to Berry
Behind Parker the protection moulds
A down and out to Lenny
As the final half-minute unfolds.
The enemy now is reeling
The crowd lets go a roar
For victory is posted upon the board
Via "The Bomb" to Jimmy Orr.
There's quiet now in the stadium
No strife, no stress, no strain
For tonight Baltimore is happy
Her Colts have won again.



"TWO CHARACTERS FOR A NOVEL"

The yellow flower picked today
 drops its petals.
"This should not be;
 It should bloom for us a week, at least.
 This should not be;
 Last year its bush even blossomed during snow."
"The flower is lovely its last day.
 It will miss nothing."
"You wouldn't have believed it could bloom in the snow.
 Dropping petals by a vase is so disgusting."
"Much it saw along the path.
 Think no more on it.
 Find another one tomorrow, if you wish."
"I'll plant another for tomorrow."

Frances Simpers

EBBTIDE

A gentle wave washes the shore,
And kisses the seaweed wall
Left at an angrier moment.
Whispering foam slides o'er the sand,
Slips back to sea and is lost.
The sweetness of salt
Blows in the air,
And playful breezes toss
The old man's hair . . .
The philosopher who has come
Down to the water.
It is the ebbside of the mind
When receding waters renew old beaches,
And distant memories wash again
The corridors of thought.
Cold brine up the soaking sand
Lets footprints fall to time.
Though still the gentle waves,
And still the whispering foam,
Now the tide is coming in . . .
And the old man turns toward home.

Linda Long

A REVIEW OF MARAT/SADE

Vivian Gale

Seeing the film **Marat/Sade** was an unforgettable—mind, the reviewer does not say "memorable" but "unforgettable"—experience. The film was brought to Farmville by the newly formed Film Society of Longwood and sponsored by Lambda Iota Tau, the campus literature honor society. It is hard to fathom why this film was the first one chosen for the series. Granted that the purpose of the society is to bring to the campus controversial films which Longwood students would not ordinarily be able to see, it, nevertheless, seems that this film got the society off to a slow start. It is probable that many puzzled students who saw or heard of the film will associate it with the society and with future attempts.

The film is an account of the assassination of Jean-Paul Marat, as acted in a play by inmates of the Clarenton insane asylum in 1808. The basic pattern behind the strange performances is the argument between the extreme revolutionary Marat and the cynical individualist, the Marquis de Sade. But the main portion of the film consists of nauseous lunatics with straggly hair and pallid white faces, intermittently speaking memorized lengthy passages from the play, singing,

dancing around the stage, jumping on each other, or running around madly. The audience would have to be quite familiar with the history of the French Revolution to understand much of the dialogue. It appears that most of the audience from Longwood was not familiar with this history, and the entire film remained disconnected and unmeaningful to them. Undoubtedly, there should have been a seminar on the film before it was ever shown here.

Sometimes art which seems totally unmeaningful can be more clearly understood or, at least, tolerated, if after some thought the viewer can find the artist's purpose in the work. This is not so with de Sade's play. True, de Sade does intensify the injustice in the world by using lunatics who respond to injustice just as the mob of the French Revolution had responded. True, he shows how dangerous the instability of the mob can become by using unstable actors to play the mob. True, too, the theatre audience senses that it is actually watching the bizarre play through the bars of an insane asylum. But these factors do not answer our question—what is the purpose? Art work that is grotesque and painful to view must have a purposeful effect on the audience. If this film is to make us realize something—what exactly is it, and why must it use such a disgusting format for its presentation? Is the viewer to feel disgust, hopelessness, or dejection after seeing the film? The only feeling of the reviewer was complete bewilderment. In the final scene, the Marquis de Sade knowingly expounds, "The question is always there;" but what, may we ask, is the question?



THE SOLDIER

Come with me
and watch the sea grass grow.
Listen to the singing surf
and you will know
of love
like waves beating at a brick sea wall,
seeking escape from their own fury
and entrance to the heart of the shore.

Karla Myers

Louis tripped down the creaky steps into the front hall of his home. He picked up his lunch from the hall table, then walked to the entrance of the kitchen to yell good-bye to his momma. At the sound of his step, his momma turned around and flashed him a big smile. He always thought that his momma's smile was the nicest thing about her. Without even saying anything, Louis knew she meant to say "you certainly are a fine child." Louis returned her smile with a shining white one of his own.

"Good-bye, Momma."

"Good-bye, Louis. Now you be a good child and behave yourself at school."

Louis skipped happily out of the front door. He paused a minute on his porch steps to listen for the reassuring bang of the screen door. He grinned again for his own benefit. Hoping to see some of his friends, he looked down one end of the street then down the other end of the street. No one was in sight. He sighed slightly, then hopped on one foot down the three steps, landing flat on both feet as he jumped to the sidewalk. Pretending he was a great soldier in a war, he whirled all the way to school on a tank, shooting at the homes of his friends, all the identical houses gazing blankly at him.

When he reached school, Louis rushed into the building. The bell had already sounded the beginning of school. No one was in the hall. Louis's mood changed. Suddenly he was scared. What if everybody had already found their new classrooms? What would they do to him? His momma would be mad if they sent him home because he did not have a classroom. Louis stood in the middle of the hall. He could not decide whether to cry or not. He puckered his eyes. No tears would come. He screwed up his mouth, but he could not wail. He shrugged his shoulders, braced himself like the soldier on TV, and marched down the hall.

"Left, right, left, right," he chanted, just loud enough for himself to hear. As he neared the cafeteria, he could hear voices other than his own.

"I guess this is as good a place as any to try," whispered the soldier in him.

Gently he shoved open the cafeteria door. The principal

was in the far end of the cafeteria. He looked behind the door and saw his friend Glenn sitting there, chewing noisily on a piece of gum. The gallant soldier squeezed between the two traps and treaded softly toward his friend.

"Hey, Glenn, have I missed anything?"

"Aw shucks, no!"

Louis breathed a sigh of relief, and sat back in his chair, his legs dangling in the air. Mr. Booker was just starting to read off the list of fourth graders. He came to Glenn's name first, then right afterwards, came Louis's. Glenn and Louis got up together and walked to their assigned classroom.

"Wonder who our teacher will be this year?"

"Don't know."

"Hope it's not Miss Itchy Twitchy again."

"Naw, it won't be."

"Do you think it could be Miss Deane? She's really bad. She gives a lot of homework."

"Nah. My brother said she didn't come back."

"Wanna get a drink of water?"

"Yeah."

Louis slurped at the cool stream of water, jiggled it around in his mouth, then swallowed it. He stepped aside to let Glenn repeat the ritual. They rounded the corner and pushed open the door to their classroom. Simultaneously they both stopped short and just stared. Louis felt just like he imagined a statue felt. He subconsciously thought he ought to close his mouth. His momma often told him it was impolite to stare with your mouth open.

"Good morning, boys. Would you please find a seat."

"Yes, ma'am," they mumbled.

Louis stumbled over Glenn, then Glenn tripped over Louis. They finally managed to find seats and get in them safely.

Louis watched the other children as they wandered into the room. Their reactions were all the same. They stopped short, grew suddenly bashful, then stumbled to the nearest chair and sat silently down. The whole room was quiet, just like his house after everybody went to bed. The bell finally rang. The teacher walked to the middle of the room and smiled at them. Louis liked her smile. It was almost as good as Momma's. He checked himself. It was a fact of his life that he just wasn't supposed to like teachers.

"Class, I guess ya'll are all wondering who I am. You know by now that I'm your new teacher. My name is Miss Randolph."

Louis knew he was still staring. He had shut his mouth a long time ago, but he could not keep his eyes off of her. He knew the rest of the class were watching her too. Miss Randolph continued.

"I know that once we all get acquainted, we'll get along just fine."

She smiled again.

"Now, let's go around the room and everybody say his first name. I can't promise that I'll learn it right away, but I'll try real hard."

She pointed to Glenn to start. Glenn said his name, then

Louis said his, and so it went all around the classroom. The kids pronounced their names as if they were in a trance. After every name, Miss Randolph repeated it. The children just stared and shook their heads numbly.

"Children, we will begin today by letting some of you go to the front of the room and tell us some funny or sad experience you had this summer. Who would like to begin?"

Theresa volunteered. Naturally it would be old Theresa. She had a big mouth, same as last year. Stupid Theresa just did not know when to shut up. She pranced sassily to the front of the room. As she began her story, Louis went back to the battle site. He and his fellow soldier had just entered a town where the enemy had been driven out, supposedly. They both noticed a pretty lady on the street.

"Yes," he whispered to his companion, "yes, I think she's very pretty. I mean, as far as I can tell, she is pretty."

The soldier marched up to the pretty lady.

"Miss, what is your name, please?"

"My name is Miss Randolph, soldier."

"You are a very pretty lady, Miss Randolph."

"Thank you, soldier. What is your name?"

"My name is Louis, Miss Randolph."

Louis jumped as Glenn punched him.

"Louis, she's pointing to you. She wants you to tell a story."

Louis trudged slowly up the aisle with his head bent. He did not know what to tell about. He decided to tell about the new community swimming pool that had been built for

his friends and family last summer. Louis stumbled through the story, then rushed back to his seat. Glenn's turn was next, so he listened to Glenn.

The morning passed quickly. Louis could feel the class relax a little, as Miss Randolph taught them how to multiply numbers of three columns. Louis decided she was really pretty, and young too. She was probably just a tiny bit older than his oldest sister. They certainly were not alike though. By the end of arithmetic, Louis decided he liked Miss Randolph's red hair. He had never known anyone with red hair before. When reading time came, Louis decided to try to sit by her in the circle around the table, so maybe he could accidentally touch her arm. When Miss Randolph announced his name, Louis rushed to the chair next to hers. He almost knocked the chair over in his eagerness. Glenn hissed something about "teacher's pet" to him. Miss Randolph just smiled like his Momma's smile again. As they turned a page in the reader, Louis let his book fall on the floor. It banged louder than he had imagined. He was a little embarrassed. He could feel his cheeks glow hotly. As he reached for his book he let his arm brush hers. It did not have an unusual or different feeling. It was slightly warm and very soft. Louis was disappointed. He had expected it to be more exciting to touch. Then the bell rang for lunch and recess, thus ending the reading. The children scampered to the cafeteria and gobbled down their lunch to get outside faster. Hardly anyone said a word until they reached the

screaming playground. Louis lined up behind Glenn to wait his turn to kick the ball.

"What do you think of the new teacher?"

"She's O.K."

"Yeah. That's what I thought."

Glenn ran up, kicked the ball, and ran to first base, then second. Louis then kicked the ball. A big fifth grader caught it in the air, so Louis and Glenn went to outfield.

"Do you think she's pretty, Glenn?"

"Yeah, she's all right."

"Would you want to marry her, Glenn?"

"Naw, I don't think so."

"Me neither."

The bell called the children in from their play. They pushed, played, and giggled in the halls all the way to classroom. They settled into their seats.

"Children, since we get out of school early this afternoon, I thought we would spend the rest of the time drawing and coloring anything you like. Theresa, will you give out the crayons and Glenn, will you give out the paper?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Yes, ma'am."

The paper rustled gaily in the room and the children chattered softly. They were still not quite sure what to expect from this teacher.

"What are you gonna draw, Glenn?"

"A horse."

"What are you drawing?"

"A soldier."

Glenn nodded his approval and they both went diligently to work. The warm sun flashed down on Louis's head and arms as he drew his soldier.

Soldier Louis asked Miss Randolph, "Are you doing anything this afternoon, Miss Randolph?"

"Well, no, soldier."

"Would you like to go see the James Bond movie that is playing now, Miss Randolph?"

"I can't, soldier."

"Why, Miss Randolph?"

"You're colored, soldier."

The school bell rang. Louis tore up his drawing and ran out of the room. It was going to be a long year.

Karen Maher



NEEBELL SATAPIED

Once apond a dime
There were a straight scrugal.
These was a probalame
Cost he kneed to beest crookly.
He rambulled embossed
Seeing for a friend scrugal,
Button he not but could fined once.
Seved he puddled along (he really did)
Untold he skied.
Cost windowed he skied
He grove his humble enter the the hamburgerler
End went he came up
He wash no longest a goodly scrugal
Butly nowst worst a sworled scrugal
That had crooklies
Like a barbarian polecat wood.
Moral: Don't evergreen skied clip your knot panting
to see plight a barbarian polecat iron ore a
crookly sworled scrugal!

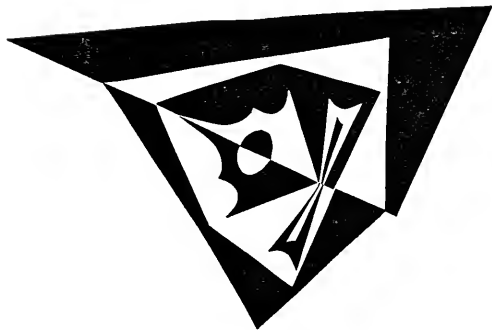
There were colors,
Blue and white and red.
There were people
Singing songs joyfully.
There was a mist
Penetrating everything.
There were buildings
High in the heavens,
An outline made heavy.
It is night.
Suddenly I'm falling
Deeper, higher.
My God, WHY!
Help, no one hears
Loneliness closes round
It's coming nearer
It is a jungle from which
I have to get out.
What are these people?
Masses, but not attached
Each one is of their own
Their songs express a part of themselves
The colors are theirs, but
What of the buildings
They show us how we are.

Individuals, expressing ourselves
But as a whole
Reaching for something
Maybe of unity or of understanding.
To know themselves and . . .
Then, to know others.

HEY, STUDENT TEACH

Baxter Allison and Jo Ann Pearson

Linda Powers



"Are you a new student? Well, step over to the side and I'll help you in a minute," said the school secretary. What a blow that was to my ego the first day on the job. At that moment I discovered there would never be a dull moment during my career as a student teacher.

After I explained to the secretary that I would appreciate her help, but that I was a student teacher and not a new student, the fun really began. The first big step was maneuvering down the obstacle course, better known as the hallway. After successfully dodging the students also running the course, the next step was to summon all my courage and enter the classroom. There they were—a sea of unfamiliar faces—all thirty of them. But after a week's observation the names began to match the faces. I then had to summon my courage again to stand before those eager pupils and present my lesson which I had so carefully prepared. I stood trembling, gripping the lectern for moral support. I glanced around the room trying to recall everything my education professor had told me. Immediately I began so as not to be rushed at the end of the period. Having reached the end of my lesson plan, I casually checked the time and to

my horror realized that there were fifteen minutes remaining in the period. Somehow I made it to the end of the class and my first day as a student teacher came to an end. I was exhausted and relieved that the first day was over. As my eight weeks drew to a close, however, I came to dread the end of each day as it brought me closer to the end of my career.

Throughout the eight weeks, it was interesting to share experiences with the other student teachers, both in elementary and secondary schools. One of my friends teaching in the elementary grades disciplined a student by having him write a composition on the topic "Why I Must Run in the Hall." His composition went something like this, "I was running in the hall because you said to hurry up, so I did."

The secondary teachers often have to compete with subjects other than their own. For example, the student English teacher who walked into her room to find that one student had released his science project on the floor—a pair of garter snakes. For the next few moments English took a back seat to science.

Experiences are not always restricted to the classroom. Overheard by a student teacher in the primary grades as she was pushing her cart around the aisles of the local supermarket was this comment by a young student, "Hey, Mom, look at my teacher trying to act like a person."

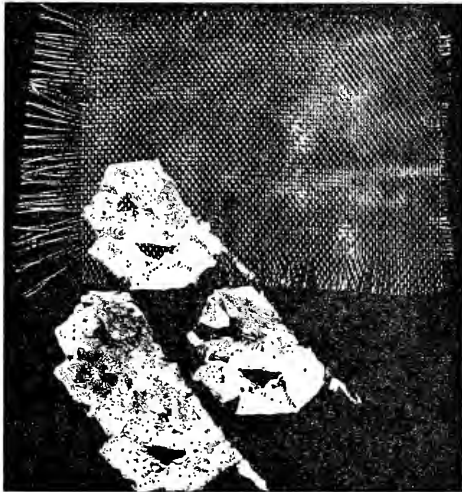
Contrary to some student opinion, nevertheless, we all are human and as the end of the eight weeks approached I hated to leave that sea of not-so-unfamiliar faces. The last day

of my student teaching ended a warm and meaningful experience as it did for other student teachers. Gifts of appreciation from the students ranged from a complete outfit to homemade cookies and a fruit roll—which consists of each pupil rolling a piece of fruit to the front of the room for the student teacher. The best gift of all, however, is that which cannot be taken away from me—the gift of experience.

A web, don't touch it!
A blind spot—
A corner into which no light is cast.
A passing glance,
A bottle of Scotch—an easy escape.
But do you forget?
A myriad of moments,
A menagerie of memories—
Remember—Forget . . .
How many masters has one soul?

Becky Powers

"412"



Feathers painted on a natural canvas—
Geometrical perfection.
Dark painted ovals—shadowy
Beneath.
Crooked holdings of the quill
Black 'gainst a forestry background.
To side of you umbrella stems
That have lost that which protects
'Gainst the varied droplets.
Do you feel the rain,
The wind?
Do you feel the cold?
Soon will you orange feathers
Be gone?
Will you be laid bare
To the snow?
But will you hold flowers
Next year?

Sharon Collins

"THE DIARY OF KIYOSHI MASAKAZU"

Carol Skelley

Kiyoshi Masakazu awoke with a feeling of expectancy and joy which she at first could not understand. Soon, however, she remembered—today, August 6, 1945, was her birthday. She arose quickly from her mat and dressed in her most beautiful kimono of light blue brocade. Kiyoshi tied the matching **obi** around her slim waist and adorned her shining black hair with several butterfly ornaments. It was yet very early (just six o'clock), but the day promised to be warm. Kiyoshi's mother, Myeko, was already warming the family's breakfast of rice balls over the **hibachi**.

Kiyoshi and her family lived on the outskirts of Hiroshima. It was a prosperous city which reflected traditional Japanese architecture and customs as well as more modern ones. The Masakazu's home, like most in Japan, consisted of a wooden frame and walls which supported a heavy tile roof. This style home suited the climate of Japan and seemed to belong amid the exquisite garden which surrounded it. Numerous flowers and dwarf trees had been artistically planted

in and around the pond which highlighted the garden. Stone lanterns were suspended from several low hanging branches, and stationed among the rocks which surrounded the pond were stately bronze cranes. An arched wooden bridge spanned the pond; and if one looked down from it, he could see blooming water lilies floating lazily about. The sun was already shining through the trees and casting bizarre shadows upon the rocks and pond. This was the scene that Kiyoshi savored as she looked out her window. Looking at it always made her feel good inside—all warm and secure. Perhaps it was because it reminded her of the Itsukushima Shrine. But Kiyoshi could not tarry on these thoughts. She folded her mat and bedding quickly and then entered the room where her family already knelt around a low table. As one of her birthday privileges, Kiyoshi had been given the honor of sitting in the **tokonoma**, the most important part of the house. She excitedly sank to her knees and ate her rice balls in silence as she anticipated the events of the coming day. She and her family were going to spend the greater part of the day at Asano Park. Kiyoshi delighted at the thought, for she loved to walk in the coolness of the park beneath the many bamboo and laurel trees. Like most Japanese, Kiyoshi revered nature and she knew the precise rock gardens, quiet pools, and ornate bridges in the park would lure her as always. She also thought of the dinner her mother would prepare that evening. Her black eyes snapped in expectation as she pictured her favorite dish—**tempura**. She could see her mother before the **hibachi** coat-

ing the fish with the delicious wheat flour and egg mixture. She pictured how splendid the dish would look after being fried in boiling water. Ah, such a day as this!

Kiyoshi put aside her thoughts and soon finished her small breakfast. As if on signal, Mrs. Masakazu arose from the floor and left the room with no explanation. She returned immediately and held in her hands a pale green kimono of the purest silk on which white and pink peonies were embossed. Kiyoshi flushed with pleasure and Myeko smiled happily for she knew she had pleased her daughter.

As Kiyoshi admired her splendid gift, her brother Murato stepped before her, bowed, smiled, and offered her a small package. Kiyoshi saw the apprehension in her older brother's face, and she vowed that she would show no disappointment if she wasn't pleased with his gift. Murato, she knew, was like many Japanese boys who preferred the ways of the modern world rather than the ancient customs of their ancestors. Kiyoshi considered this as she unwrapped the package, wondering what Murato could have given her. Smiles wreathed her face as she proudly held up a diary for her parents to admire. This was certainly a modern gift which she would enjoy using.

Tanimoto, Kiyoshi's father, had been watching his daughter with mild curiosity, but he now eyed her sharply as she opened the package which he had given to her. After carefully removing the tissue, Kiyoshi lifted a fragile watch from the box. She seemed transfixed. Her father now considered his twelve-year-old daughter an adult member of the family

for he trusted her with this gold heirloom—a watch that had once belonged to her great-grandmother.

Kiyoshi felt the tears of happiness stinging her cheeks, and she choked as she tried to express her thanks to her family.

Myeko laughed softly at her much loved daughter saying, "Kiyoshi, we are proud of such a daughter as you and are happy because you are. But come, the day wastes. Let us depart for Asano Park."

Soon after, the Masakazus entered the park and strolled peacefully along the paths. Kiyoshi was blissfully happy, as were Murato, Myeko, and Tanimoto, for a family holiday together was quite special. Suddenly, however, the stillness of the day was broken by several intermittent blasts. The Masakazus took cover but were not too alarmed, for the air raid warning sounded each morning when the United States weather plane flew over the city. The warning blasts did not last long, and by eight o'clock the all-clear had sounded. Kiyoshi's family stopped to talk with Mrs. Koyoshima, a neighbor of theirs, but Kiyoshi continued along the path which led to her favorite spot—a rustic bench somewhat isolated by lush ferns and surrounded by bamboo trees. She sat down and decided to fill the first page of her new diary. As she wrote, her gold watch glinted as it caught one of the sun's early morning rays. She looked down admiringly and noted that it was almost 8:15. To think that the whole glorious day was still ahead of her!

Suddenly, and without warning, a tremendous flash of light shot across the sky. Kiyoshi frantically clutched her

diary and ran several steps before the impact of the force threw her in the midst of the foliage.

The little girl who had earlier felt so secure and special was now just a number—one of the 78,000 killed as the first atomic bomb was dropped on Hiroshima by the United States.

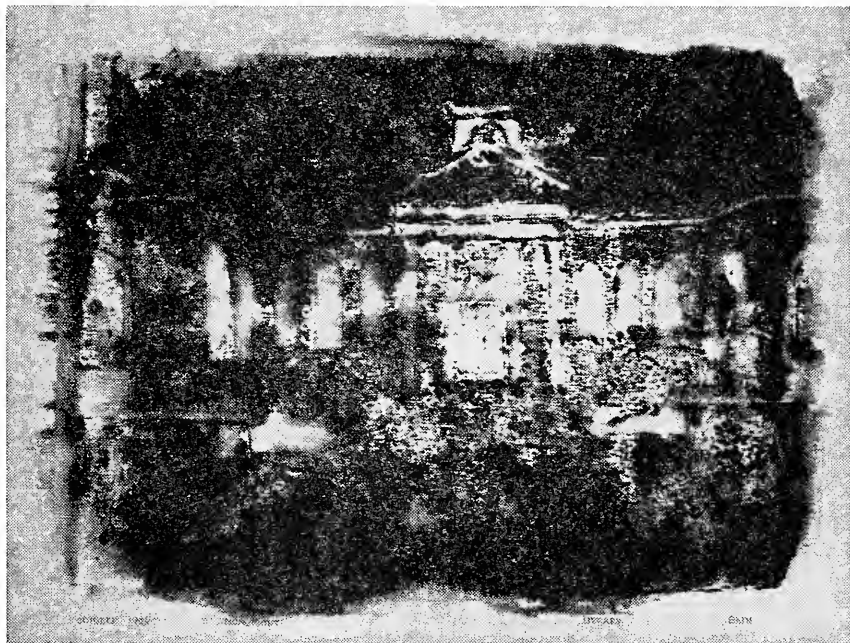
Many days later, as the city began to recover from the initial shock of the explosion, corpse details were sent out to gather the bodies. After seeing so many horrifying deaths, the workers hunted methodically—trying to forget that these nightmarish objects were human beings. However, as one thoughtful member of the detail bent over the body of a young girl he prayed: "Thank you, God, for sparing my own daughter. I know if You had desired it, that this form before me could have been she."

The girl's skin was red and swollen. It smelled. Her face was wholly burned. The eyesockets were hollow. Fluid from her melted eyes had hardened on her cheeks. Her mouth was greatly swollen and the once pus-covered wounds on her lips had dried and cracked. She held what seemed to be the remains of a book in her hand. The rescue worker lifted her hand and the skin fell away, but the bones of her hand still held the charred remnant. He picked it up and read: "I shall always remember this day, August 6, 1945. . . ." He wept.

WHEN FIRST THE SNOW FALLS

When first the snow falls,
The soft sound of whiteness
Whispers gently pensive music.
When first the slow and swift,
From the cool heights of heaven,
Let down the screen of silence,
Present meets Past as the several stars
Fall like cat's paws upon a field of velvet.
When first these thoughts
Fall earthward, they prevent
Mr. Busy-Bound-About
From bursting his bee-like buzz
And gently let swift thoughts
Slow to a silent lull as our Mother
Soothes with her sweet lullaby
And lowers our lids to a sleepy stillness.

Sharon Collins



UNCHANGING TIMES

Wanda Rush

Unimpressive from the outside, the Mitchell home was a modest one, not noticeably unique among the other two story brick structures on the block. Surrounding the house were many well-tended flowers ranging from tiny white dahlias to large red roses. Adding quiet serenity to the atmosphere, five large trees shaded the lawn from the blistering heat of the August sun.

Inside, this neatness and serenity continued to be extended. The cherry table tops were polished with such meticulous care that the reflected images of lamps, ashtrays and tiny figurines were plainly visible. Even the rosy tone of the carpet failed to add warmth to the livingroom, for its pile seemed to have just been fluffed and cleaned so that any passerby might be considered an intruder. This effect seemed to prevail throughout the entire house from the starched white nylon curtains in the master bedroom to the neatly sharpened pencils in the study.

Only one room seemed to be set apart from the rest. It was from this room that the sounds of a pop radio station drifted.

Jennifer was now lying across her bed twisting a piece of brown unruly hair as she read the closing chapters of **Jane**

Eyre. Mainly because of the oppressive heat, she had been reading a lot lately. The sound of her father's car in the drive called her attention from her reading.

As the grey Pontiac pulled to a slow stop in the Mitchell drive, the Bryant children waved and shouted hello to their neighbor, Jennifer's father, who was just returning from the office. Dave Mitchell even at thirty-six was still physically fit and occasionally enjoyed playing ball with the boys next door. His light brown hair had only a sprinkling of grey which blended so completely with the hair's natural color that it was hardly distinguishable. Lately, however, his blue-green eyes had lost their usual glimmer. It was as if a clouded veil had descended upon them, giving them a dull grey quality.

As he neared the house from the gravel-covered driveway, his pace slowed and his steps lost their habitual springy gait, as if dreading to enter the house. For the last few years he and his wife had been steadily drifting apart. In the past, he had been able to shut out his wife's abuses and was even able to ignore them to some extent, but, because of the incident with Jennifer, he was no longer able to find escape so easily. He had noticed his daughter seemed to be cutting him out of her life and no longer valued his judgments, but he passed this off as a stage all teenagers go through. Now, he could no longer ignore the fact that he had almost completely lost his daughter's respect.

At seventeen Jennifer was beginning to reevaluate her father's image. No longer was he the man she had looked up

to for guidance, authority, and protection. The tall powerful figure who carried her sleeping from the car when long trips had tired her now seemed to be just someone to call father. Outwardly, he appeared the ideal father, providing her with material wealth, belonging to the right clubs, and being active in the community. Of course, it was not that he no longer cared for her; to the contrary, the hurt expression in his eyes which appeared if she forgot his usual good-night kiss proved this. When compared to her mother's forceful presence, however, his image faded, making him seem weak and insignificant. If Jennifer wished help with her homework, permission to go to a girl friend's, or advice, she always turned to her mother, not that her father would not listen, for he would always listen to her problems patiently and then say in his flat monotone voice, "Maybe you had better talk it over with your mother, Honey." So through the years Jennifer had learned to leave out the "middle man" and to go directly to her mother.

Occupied with these thoughts, Dave went through his habitual routine of entering the house almost totally oblivious to his actions. He stopped to pet GI, the family setter who always waited patiently for him on the porch, patting his tail against the railing. Only after picking up the afternoon newspaper and scanning the headlines did Dave enter the kitchen. There he met his wife, Carol, who at the moment of his arrival was basting an overdone roast.

"It's about time you got home! You're already forty-five minutes late! It looks like you could call if you are going

to be late. Hurry and call Jennifer before the dinner is completely ruined!"

Without a word Dave mechanically left the room, called Jennifer, washed up and seated himself at the table.

Carol had not always been such a nagging woman. She was thirty-five and still retained her figure. Her dark black hair was noticeably streaked with grey which she refused to dye, saying it was ridiculous for anyone to pretend to be younger than they were and that it only made one seem foolish to attempt it. The tiny lines beginning to form about her face gave her countenance a hardened expression somewhat implying the changes which had taken place in her life after marriage. She had once been as carefree as her husband, but since her marriage, many of the responsibilities of the family had been forced upon her. It wasn't entirely Dave's fault. They had married entirely too young, and soon after marriage he was drafted to fight in the Korean conflict, leaving her with the responsibility of a two-week-old baby and a small bank account. Remaining untouched by the war, Dave had been given a desk job in Seoul. Not fully realizing the situation at home, he had sometimes spent his entire monthly allowance in one night. After his period of service had ended and he returned home, Dave found Carol much changed. She had learned to stretch her military allotment to provide for the needs of her daughter and herself and to even save a little on the side. She knew what it was to search the paper for bargains and to squeeze every possible drop of toothpaste from the tube.

After Dave's return Carol continued to control the finances of the family and little by little had taken over more of the family's responsibilities and had become the keystone of the family.

Throughout the meal Dave ate in utter silence except for an occasional pass-this-please or pass-that-please and thank-you. Even if he had wished to speak, his wife's oration ended any such hope. Throughout the meal she jumped from topic to topic, dealing with her housekeeping problems, and complaints about the maid, but mainly with her husband's inefficiency. "Dave, did you remember to call the plumber about the leak in the basement? When was the last time you mowed the lawn? How much did you say the new piece for the car costs and don't you think it could be found cheaper some other place?"

After the meal was over and Jennifer had gone back to her reading, Dave entered the kitchen where his wife was placing the dishes in the automatic dishwasher.

"Dave," she complained as he entered, "This washer is acting up again! Didn't I warn you when you bought this that it wasn't a good brand? Look at it! Just look! All the suds overflow no matter how little detergent is used. Every-time you make a decision something like this happens! . . ."

Dave never had the chance to say a word. The matter that was upmost in his mind was never even discussed.

Soon, the voice of her mother could be heard echoing in Jennifer's room, with only an occasional murmur from her father. Then the sound of angry voices rose, drawing her

attention from her reading. Her mind flashed back to an event which had taken place nearly a week earlier. Although many teenagers would have by now forgotten the matter, Jennifer's sensitive nature prevented her doing this. It seemed ironical how outwardly nothing seemed to have changed since that day.

Reading a particularly exciting and suspenseful portion of the novel, Jane's discovery of the mad wife's existence, she had been lying across the bed in almost this exact position with her back to the door. Just when she was reaching the climax of the event, she was startled by a pair of hands grabbing her around the waist and the cry of, "Got ya'." The book fell from her hands, over the side of her bed to the floor. Then she realized it was only her father. "Look what you've done now!," she yelled, "It will take me ages to find my place! And just when I was at the best part! Don't you know better than to come sneaking up on me like that? I'm seventeen years old, not seven, and I think I deserve some privacy in my own room!" This sudden outburst seemed to come as much of a surprise to her as it had to her father. He had meekly left the room saying nothing and nothing had been said about the matter since. It was as though it had never happened.

Before this, Jennifer had, unlike most teenagers, never uttered a disrespectful word to either of her parents. This is what continued to plague her. Why had such a slight incident initiated such a violent reaction?

I love my father, in fact, that might just be the problem.

I care too much. It seems like Mom and Dad are constantly arguing and degrading each other. At least Mom always ridicules Dad. I always seem to end up feeling sympathetic towards him, the way he just stands there taking everything that is said as though he were in another world. I feel the humiliation of his position even more than he does, I think. On the other hand, I am able to feel the futility of Mom's position. How it must be to go on and on arguing and never really realizing a solution to the problems. I seem to be torn between the two. How could I say such things to my father? Maybe I was just trying to make him stand up for himself when I yelled at him so disrespectfully. Maybe that is what Mom is trying to do. Or maybe I was taking advantage of him, knowing all the time he wouldn't react to my outrage. But what difference does it make? I feel so useless! Unable to do anything to help. My outburst has changed nothing. Things are just as they were last week and the week before that. They are as they will be for months and months to come, so why waste time wondering why they occur? I just wish it would all end.

The voices downstairs crescendoed with her mother's voice resounding throughout the house, "You've never amounted to anything and you never will! I don't know why I ever married you!"



MEMORY

Memory is the garden where flowers stay in bloom
'Til time cleans house with forgetful's old broom.

Linda Long

PATRONS

Baldwin's, Farmville, Virginia
Stackpole Components Company, P. O. Box M
Mr. F. H. Kilpatrick, Stackpole Components Co.
Mr. Daniel A. Bunn, Stackpole Components Co.
The Personnel Department of Stackpole Components Co.
Longwood Jeweler, Farmville, Virginia
Farmville Manufacturing Co., Shopping Center
Cedar Brook Restaurant, Rice Road
Grant's, Shopping Center
Owen-Sanford, Shopping Center
Gray's
Collins Funeral Home & Florist
Carter's Florist
Leggett's
Farmville Herald
College Shoppe
Crute's
Newman's Mens Shop

